

THE LIGUORIAN



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NEW YEAR GREETINGS

God Bless You, Friend Reader.
Your body with health.
Your soul with grace.
Your Undertakings with success.
Your home with happiness.
Your children with innocence.
You and all yours with His love.

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol.X.

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

Every Day

Whence Lord, shall come to us the guiding light
To make our footsteps sure, our darkness bright,
To ease our burdens; mid this sombre night
Where shall we turn for aid?

Thou art the shepherd knowing all Thy sheep,
Thou, Thou alone dost sleepless vigil keep;
Thou seek'st Thy own,—though pain and wounds Thou reap,
To whom then, shall we go?

Before the dawn upon our reason broke,
Thy arms about us lay,—a shielding cloak;
Nay, ere from dark forebeing's night we woke,
Thy love enfolded us.

Thou com'st to us, all reddened with Thy gore
From Calvary,—and long'st to bear yet more
That we might kneel, like Thomas, and adore
Thee as our Lord and God!

Thou daily dost Thy Bethlehem renew
Within our midst,—for all,—not for the few,
From dawn to dusk, with lavish hand, dost strew
Thy blessings on our way.

Each morn,—ere yet the light of day doth break,
Each morn,—ere yet from slumber I awake,
Thou wait'st, my cross to help me take,
My Simon of Cyrene!

To whom then shall I turn,—if not to Thee
Who first hast turned Thyself in love to me,
And servest lowly me so selflessly?
Ah, Lord, I turn to Thee.

—T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

CHRISTMAS AT DEMAN LEAD MINE

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

There is one Christmas which Father Casey will never forget. He likes to cite it in his sermons to show how a child's prayer is stronger than even the fiercest passions of desperate men.—But I am getting ahead of my story.

It was long years ago before he had come to St. Mary's and while he was still on his first mission among the miners down in the lead country. The winter had been bad in more ways than one, and promised to grow worse. Besides the extreme and unusual cold, there was hunger—actual hunger—among the people in the four mining camps of the Deman Lead Mining Company. In the beginning these four mines had been owned by separate individuals. The ore, which was in shallow veins, was gotten out with little expense and mostly by hand labor. The men made good money, and "easy got, easy gone," was their motto. Such conditions were too good to last. The ore near the surface gave out. The shafts had to be driven deeper, and operation became more complicated and costly. The owners held on long enough to find that costs were steadily gaining on earnings, and then they gladly accepted the offer of the Deman Lead Mining Company.

Ashland Deman, he and he alone, was the Company. A man of iron, a giant in body as well as in mind, keen, far-seeing, intolerant, unyielding, taking no advice, brooking no opposition,—such was the man under whose heartless sway that deal transferred the miners and their families. He revolutionized the old time methods, substituted, wherever possible, machinery for man power, and—cut the wages of the workers. A strike followed—a disastrous strike—both sides were ugly, stubborn, exasperated. Where their interests were so deeply bound up together and friendly cooperation would have meant prosperity for both, they persisted in misunderstanding each other. The men saw in Ashland Deman only a grasping tyrant, and he saw in them only dull, stupid clods to be priced and valued by the amount of ore they could produce. Ugly threats on both sides were followed by deeds. Mine galleries were blown up, machinery was damaged. Then guards

—irresponsible gun-men—were hired to protect the property and goad the strikers on to desperation.

Such was the sad Christmas Father Casey saw approaching for his flock. He knew—and so too did the men, for they had shrewd heads among them that kept close watch on every movement—that when Ashland Deman came down with his family and friends to spend Christmas, as was his wont, in the grand old country residence outside the camp, he would sign the contract in accordance with which an army of strike-breakers would be shipped in to take over the work in the mines. The good priest shuddered when he thought how his people would be deprived of their only means of livelihood in the dead of winter—and of the deeds of fruitless violence they might perpetrate in the frenzy of despair.

A weaker or a more prudent man than Ashland Deman would scarcely have chosen this valley of seething passions for his Christmas celebration. But he despised the men too much to fear them, though he took the precaution of ordering that a strong body of the guards be posted about his residence. This done, he considered himself in perfect safety, for he little dreamed how closely his movements were watched.

It was a merry party—the mine owner, his wife and daughter, and a few intimate friends from the city—that came down the mountain road in a closed sleigh drawn by four powerful horses at midnight on Christmas Eve. There was a sharp curve in the road about a mile from the house. The driver had slowed down his horses to make the turn when suddenly a volley of shots rang out on the frosty air, and the animals fell dead in their tracks. Deman and the other men of the party drew their revolvers, for they had come armed, but at least a dozen miners covered them with their guns, and a stern voice called out:

“Shoot at your peril. We want Ashland Deman. Let him come out.”

It was Tom Driscoll, the leader of the strikers. The tense silence which followed this challenge was broken by a chorus of voices raised in song. Faint, yet clear and sweet, the words were carried down to them:

“O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Savior’s birth.
Long lay the world in sin and sorrow pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!
O Night Divine! O night when Christ was born!"

They looked in all directions. Drooping pines, open fields, sheer cliffs, and over all the thick blanket of snow glistening in the moonlight, but not a living creature to be seen. It was some moments before they realized that these were not the glad strains of the angels of Bethlehem, but the voices of a family of French Canadians, driving over the hills to attend the early Christmas Mass in Father Casey's Church. No one moved until the hymn was finished. Little did they dream how much that brief pause meant to all concerned. Then Driscoll repeated his summons:

"We want Ashland Deman. Let him come out, and the others will not be harmed."

The curtains of the sleigh partially concealed its occupants. Deman knew that if the miners fired the women would be hit as well as the men. He was about to step out and give himself up when he noticed that one of the strikers carried a rope. He knew its significance. The angry blood rushed to his temples. Behind the shelter of the curtain he raised his revolver and took deadly aim at the spokesman.

"Hold!" and a man sprang from the bank above and landed fairly between Ashland Deman and Tom Driscoll. "This is the night that Christ was born to bring peace to the world, and will ye desecrate it by spilling human blood!"

It was the young pastor of the camp, Father Timothy Casey. Deman lowered his weapon. Had he pulled the trigger, the bullet would have passed through the body of the priest. The men stood dazed. There seemed something supernatural about these interruptions—and the deadly work they had planned was so little in keeping with the hallowed hour. They began to waver. Father Casey realized that if anything was to be done to avert the tragedy it must be done quickly.

"Men," he said, and there was in his voice a power not of this earth which silenced them, "be patient for one moment!"

Then turning towards the sleigh:

"Ashland Deman, these are your fellowmen, gifted by God with every human right that you possess. Your stubborn refusal to treat them as such has well nigh cost you your life. Give your word of

honor that you will meet them, man to man, in my house tomorrow night, and adjust this matter in a way that is just and fair to all concerned, and I pledge you that you will pass unmolested."

Hard and relentless he might be, but Deman was no coward. Dropping his revolver, he stepped out on the snow among the miners.

"Men," he said "I give you my word of honor that I will meet you tomorrow night in the home of your fearless priest and agree to anything that he pronounces right and just."

The young pastor gave but little time to his sermon the following day, he was busy drawing up a statement showing as best he could, the rights and duties of both parties interested and how the lead mines could be made a blessing instead of a curse. Technical details he left to be worked out by those who understood them. And worked out they were quite satisfactorily at the meeting in the priest's house on Christmas night, for owner and men met in a spirit of broadminded fairness in harmony with the day—A spirit which made an understanding easy.

They had signed the agreement and were about to part for the night, when Tom Driscoll spoke up.

"Father Tim," he said, "I've been puzzling all day to figure out how you happened to be on the spot just in the nick of time last night. You are the last man I'd have expected to find on the roadside a mile from town at midnight on Christmas Eve."

"You have reason to marvel, Tom Driscoll, and you'll marvel more after you shall have heard what I'm going to tell. Last night, gentlemen, after Confessions were finished and the people gone, I arranged a little Crib, as I always do on Christmas Eve, so that it would be there to tell my people the wondrous story of Bethlehem when they came to the early Mass next morning. It took me longer than usual for my mind was not on the work—I was worrying about the disasters the next few days might bring. At last I finished and put out the lights, but instead of going to the house, I knelt in one of the pews and tried to pray. I do not know how long I had been there when the front door of the Church opened letting in a gust of wind and snow. You know we never lock our church here night nor day. I turned quickly and saw in the open doorway the figure of a child. I knew the form. It was Tom Driscoll's little daughter, Agnes. She walked straight up the aisle and knelt before the crib. Her poor scanty clothing was covered with snow, and I could see her shiver with cold, for I was only a few feet away. She clasped her little hands and looked at the

dim group about the manger. 'O dear Infant Jesus, Blessed Mother, and Saint Joseph, don't let daddy kill anybody tonight.' That is all she said. She made the sign of the Cross, then rose and left the Church as directly and quietly as she had entered it. My first impulse was to call her and urge her to explain. But on second thought I understood that she must be withheld by fear of her father, otherwise she would have come of her own accord to tell me of whatever danger she saw impending. And so I decided not to cause pain to the poor child nor lose precious time by trying to induce her to disclose her dread secret. I hurried down to Driscoll's house. The lights were extinguished, and all was silent within, but I saw fresh tracks in the snow leading down to the road. I followed them for some distance until I was able to guess whither they were bound. Then the horrible truth flashed upon me: I knew that you had gone to the sharp turn in the road a mile to the east to lie in wait for Deman's party. Would I be too late? It was already past the time when Deman had been expected to arrive at his residence. I said a prayer to the Infant Jesus and struck through the woods by a short cut which I knew well. Several times I missed the trodden path and floundered and fell heavily in the snow. But the thought of the tragic consequences if blood were shed that night spurred me on. I was still several hundred yards away when I heard the volley of shots that killed the horses. I ran at my utmost speed but could never have reached you in time were it not for the few minutes you paused listening to that Christmas hymn. Thank God, I was not too late. I reached the high bank above the road just in time to see Deman—for from where I stood his action was plainly visible—aim his revolver at Driscoll. I shouted and sprang between you. You know the rest. You think that it was I who averted the tragedy, but, gentlemen, if this Christmas day did not find several of you lying dead in the snow and the rest of you with the guilt of murder in your hearts, it is due, under God, to the prayer of an innocent child before the Crib."

"Instead of giving thanks and supreme gratitude to our Maker every day for this wonder of wonders, of the human brain,—the mind,—we abuse it in such a way that we do not get out of it a tithe of what we might.

"We run through this exquisite mechanism the crassest, most vicious, destructive thought."

Our Ideal

ST. MATTHEW: XVI, 21-27.

JOHN ZELLER, C. SS. R.

A New Year has come? What ideals shall animate us? Upon what program shall we arrange our lives?

Surely men would resent it as a crying crime if moneys, measures and weights were falsified for the benefit of a few and the impoverishment of many. Surely men would justly be angered if all the sign-posts along our highways and the indicators at cross-roads were made to point in the wrong direction. Surely men would denounce it as the depth of villainy if, instead of wholesome bread, they were given food infected with germs of disease.

Did you ever reflect upon the force of Ideals? Men live by ideals. Our life is but the practical expression, the daily realization of our Ideals. Are our ideals sound and true? Or are they warped and vitiated? Compare them for a moment with the teachings of our Lord. Do they tally? Or do they need correction?

FAITH AND THE CROSS.

1. One Ideal: "From that time Jesus began to show his disciples that he must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the ancients, and scribes, and chief priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again." The whole current of His life was but one broad and deep stream of poverty, labor, humility and persecution. Now there loomed up to view the outlines of the Cross. How dear to His Heart it must have been, since He makes it His favorite lesson now (and in XVII, 21; XX, 18)! How He treasured the very thought of it when we hear His sigh: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized: and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" (St. Luke XII, 50.) It was an ideal inspired by love: love for His heavenly Father and for us. A love so mighty, that He confirms its sway: "he must go to die."

2. Another Ideal: "And Peter taking him began to rebuke him saying: Lord, be it far from thee! This shall not be unto thee." How different this language! Both speak of the same subject: the Cross. The one refers to it with love, the other shudders from it with

horror. How do we stand? Cast but a single searching glance backwards at the year just passed. What was the burden of all those bitter words, those burning censures, those painful scenes? It was simply the whimper of the child persisting in the oldest of us; the proof palpable of our horror for discomfort, suffering and the cross. Would that our outbursts of vexation had always been couched in words as simple and moderate as those of St. Peter.

3. Respective Values: "Our Lord turning to Peter: Go behind me, Satan, thou art a scandal unto me, because thou savorest not the things that are of God but the things that are of man."

Encouraged by the fact that our Lord had just promised him the Primacy of His Church (vv. 17-20 preceding), prompted by his own ardent love for Him, stimulated by his own impulsive nature, Peter presumed to plead with his Master and had probably drawn Him a little apart from the rest.

He must have been amazed at the overwhelming emphasis with which the Lord cut short his protest. That emphasis was sustained by an unmistakable gesture, for our Lord turned away from St. Peter, in full accord with His words: "Go behind me!" That emphasis vibrated in the forceful words: "Satan, thou art a scandal unto me." The vehemence with which He spurns Peter's ideal attests the mighty enthusiasm with which He clung to the ideal of the Cross. He calls Peter "Satan," not as if he had been actually the mouth piece of the devil, but because the drift of Peter's words ran in the same direction as Satan's advice when he tempted our Lord in the desert. Compare St. Mt. IV, 3-9. All the three suggestions which the devil made tended to relieve our Lord of the smart, the weight, the shame of the Cross: when He was hungry, Satan bade Him turn a stone into bread, and the pain would be over; instead of a bloodstained pathway by which to win the hearts of men, He should cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple in full view of the assembled multitude, while luminous hosts of angels would bear Him in their arms, and such a sight would stagger all and compel them to own His heavenly majesty, and humiliation would be over; instead of any labor or effort at all, He should simply fall down and adore Satan, and Satan would yield his empire over earth, and Christ could rule without a battle. But the cross was deeply rooted in our Savior's heart, and He would not part with it.

Our Lord was not content with rebuke, He also added instruction: "because thou savorest not the things that are of God, but the things that

are of man." Indeed man, not animated by the spirit of Christ, does not relish the Cross. Such a man will appraise all by standards of the world, that covets applause; of the flesh, that craves indulgence; of self, that ever insists on being gratified. However, the ways of God are not our ways. God well knows the medicinal, the sanctifying, the saving virtues of suffering, and therefore has decreed that we be "sons and heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; yet so if we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified with him." (Rom. VIII, 17.)

HOPE AND THE CROSS.

"Then Jesus said to his disciples: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me." When Cato called, the youth of Rome rose to a man and followed him over the seas and through the hot sands of the Lybian desert. When Pompey stamped his foot, legions of followers started up around him. When our country called, division rolled upon division, as wave follows wave, and the demon of war was driven from his last entrenchments, and the world was at peace once more. And when Christ calls, who will be a slacker? In what cause does he seek to enroll us? In the cause of holiness and salvation. What better could we wish? What are the conditions of enrollment? They are three: (1) We must deny ourselves all that would hinder our holiness and heaven: all seductions to sin, all the inclinations of spoiled nature; (2) we must take up our cross: bravely face the battle of earthly life, loyally fulfill all the duties which our state in life imposes upon us; (3) we must follow Him, conform our standards to His ideas, our practice to His precepts, and do so perseveringly and unfalteringly. Our Lord holds out three reasons for this:

1. Necessity. "For he that will save his life, shall lose it; and he that shall lose it for my sake, shall find it." The first reason is its necessity. The argument rests on a comparison of this transient life of earth with the true life of eternity. Who would try to save his earthly life by apostasy or mortal sin, and lose the true life of heaven? No amount of apostasy or mortal sin will save us from death, even death of the body; on the contrary (unless repented of) it will only bury us in the eternal death of hell. It is told of a certain king, that he tried to save his crown, and the enjoyment of a life of pleasure, by

deserting the holy Law of Christ. Yet from his dying lips there came the insoluble sigh: "Friends, we have lost all!"

2. Profit. "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" The second reason is the profit. Accumulate all the honors and pleasures of a godless life, if you will, will it shield you against death? Hoard all the fabulous treasures of Midas or of Croesus, and death will rob you of all, and leave your skeleton as poor as that of any beggar. Acquire more landed estates than Alexander the Great, before whom a conquered world lay silent, and death will rob you of all, and reduce you to dust as well as your lowliest servant. Claim all the glories of Caesar, before whom kings fell prostrate in throngs, and death will rob you of all, and cast the ashes of your crumbled splendors to the winds. And then if you lose your soul, what can such sorry remnants help you? Aye, what profit to the damned will be the memory of their former joys. Scarcely have they sipped the sinful sweets of a few fleeting years and now throughout the slowly dragging ages of Eternity they must drink to the very dregs that chalice of wrath that will ever again boil full to the brim. Aye, what will it profit, save to embitter their remorse? How good our Lord is to remind us of such things while we have the time to amend!

3. Efficacy. "Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" Our soul once lost is lost forever! Then how shall we provide? "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels, and then will he render to every man according to his works." The third reason is the efficacy or reward. The decision lies with Christ, our Judge. And what will count before him? Only our works. "Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that worketh evil, * * * but glory and honor and peace to everyone that worketh good." (Rom. II, 19-20.) The Cross of Christian life may be fretted with countless thorns in our life time, but in heaven it will blossom with roses that will be our delight forever. How foolish then to toil and sweat for glittering bubbles that will burst at the slightest contact with the grave-stone, and leave us a prey to endless flames of hell! Such gains are not worth while. If God bade us be rich and labor to win millions in money, we might well despond. If God bade us be learned and rummage through the libraries of earth and pore over giant volumes, we might well lose heart. Yet God demands no such thing. He simply wishes us to offer Him the works of His Law, works within

the reach of all of us, works which He Himself will assist us in producing, if we only co-operate with His grace. Avoid sin, be patient in endurance and follow our Lord faithfully according to His Will,—this is our Cross and our Crown.

CHARITY AND THE CROSS.

Faith bids us view the Cross through the mind of our Lord,—manfully and steadily. Hope bids us cling to that Cross as the golden ladder to Heaven. Charity prompts us to take it up willingly and even joyfully.

1. Willingly. Our Lord coerces no one. He respects the dignity of our free will too much. To the young man He said: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." (St. Mt. XIX, 17.) To the Holy City he addressed the words: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not." (XXIII, 37.) So too in our present passage, He invites us to the Cross, yet leaves the acceptance to our free-will: "If any man will come after me!" Such delicate consideration should arouse our admiration and our affection for Him.

2. Joyfully. It was through the Cross that He courted our love. "Christ died for all: that they also who live may not now live to themselves, but unto him who died for them." (2 Cor. V, 15.) When Absalom rebelled and compelled David, his father, to flee, there were few to share the misfortune of their king. Only his body-guard of 600 valiant warriors went with him. As they crossed the dark gully of the Cedron, David sadly turned to them to bid them farewell and beg them march back to the city and leave him to his fate. But theirs was the heart of Knighthood and chivalry. Well indeed did they see the peril of their step, well they knew that it was a lost cause. How noble then their words: "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the King liveth; in what place soever thou shalt be, my lord king, either in death or in life, there will thy servant be." (2 Kgs. XV, 21.) Would that such sentiments were throbbing in our hearts too!

3. Lovingly. Only sterling love and genuine devotion is equal to such heroism. St. Gordian was a soldier, an officer in the army. When summoned to trial and threatened with death his only answer was: "You threaten me with death? Oh! would that I had a thou-

sand lives to give for Him who died for me upon the Cross!" Love possesses the generous secret of self-denial, the superhuman courage of patient endurance, the sublime heroism of life-long fidelity. We admire the glorious example of St. Sebastian, captain of the Emperor's body-guard. He was bound to a tree and pierced by a shower of arrows and left for dead. But the gentle care of charity revived him and restored him to health. Once more he confronted the tyrant, and this time earned a martyr's crown. Blessed the Catholic, whom devotion to Christ has bound to the Cross of his duty. Let showers of seductions rain upon him day for day, and love keeps him true. Let trials hail upon him day for day, trials that might unnerve the stoutest heart, and love for his Crucified Savior keeps him true to his Cross. Happy for him the hour of his death shall be! "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." (Apoc. II, 10.)

GO YE OUT INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

Our Divine Savior in one of His parables, represents the heavenly Father as sending His messengers into the highways and byways to compel them to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Now the highways and byways of modern thought are not simply the streets or the country roads, but the newspapers, that go up even into the paths that lead to each home.

Two Pittsburgh laymen have gotten the idea to bring the Kingdom of God even into these—by inserting in Pittsburgh daily papers, a daily advertisement embodying some Catholic doctrine, Catholic practice or fact that glorifies the Church.

Thus on Oct. 18, 1921, the papers brought this ad: "Catholics save U. S. \$123,000,000 yearly on education. There are 1,765,000 children in Catholic parish schools of the U. S. It costs about \$70.00 per year in Pittsburgh to educate a child. This means, the Catholics of the United States are saving the nation more than \$123,000,000 every year. —Dante, the World's greatest poet was a Catholic.—These advertisements are inserted daily and paid for by two native Pittsburgh Catholic business men, who believe in their religion."

That is a rather startling way of fulfilling our Lord's words; yet who will say it is not a fulfillment!

Missing the Bright Spots

THE STORY OF TWO GOLD MEDALS

J. R. MELVIN, C. SS. R.

With a dexterous sweep of his right hand the impassive waiter swept the silver cup containing an amber liquid supposedly banned by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, from the hand of his patron and coolly poured into the soup tureen. His guest surprised and nettled glanced up angrily, but was met by the ghost of a smile flickering at the corners of the firm mouth of Tom Shill, favorite servitor of the habitués of Broadway's most famous restaurant.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the imperturbable waiter, "but the man who just passed the table to the right is a prohibition inspector, and you know we can not take any chances."

"Pshaw, you might have let me drink the evidence," growled the guest, who had just finished a bountiful meal and was puffing nervously at a cigarette, whilst the waiters with unwonted delay were clearing away an unusual accumulation of dishes. It was Christmas eve and even the large staff of the best equipped spot in New York for catering to the calls of the inner man were sorely tried in attending to the wants of the holiday rush of patrons.

"You don't know Epstein, sir," replied the waiter. "He's as quick as a flash and he might have arrested you."

"Nonsense," grumbled the guest, "if I had had another minute no man on earth could have gathered any evidence from me."

"I know, sir," said the waiter coolly. Then without change of expression, but with a voice choked with emotion, he continued: "Charley, Charley, has it come to this? Would you kill yourself on Christmas Eve?"

The guest startled and his face paled. "Who in blazes are you?" he blurted out amazedly.

"Wait, wait," said the other, "I can't talk here. Finish your cigarette, whilst I take these dishes to the kitchen. I am free then and we can go to some quiet place and talk things over. Oh Charley! Charley!"

"Charley? Where did you get that Charley stuff? I'll admit you've got my number, but I'm hanged if I can place you."

"You know me all right, but never mind that just now. Promise me you'll wait."

"Well—" said the man at the table musingly, "Oh, all right, I'll see it through. I had a different act planned, but you have aroused my curiosity. I'll see it through as I said."

"Good!" said the waiter. "I'll be with you in five minutes." He placed the last of the dishes on his tray, and staggered off under the burden. Gray haired and slightly stooped was he, though not with the burden of years. As he passed among the tables his patron noticed that he limped.

He whom the waiter had just left sat huddled in his chair. Though he could not have been more than thirty years of age, his locks too were streaked with grey, his clothes though neat were well worn, and his countenance though slightly traced with lines of dissipation, was more noticeable for the weary sadness in the eyes and the bitter hard lines at the corners of the lips that rose above a firm chin that bespoke a character built for better things. Despite the cynic countenance and the whitening hair, the man was handsome and his every movement spoke of a refinement and wealth which only his shabby dress-suit belied. Broadway knows many of these old young men who in some way or other have missed or lost the bright spots of life. Its cafes are thronged with heroes of shattered romance, and its theaters portray more tragedies in the faces of the audiences than in the plays upon the stage. But Broadway gives little heed to tragedies in the lives of its wayfarers. It cannot make sunshine in the heart, but it does its garish best to dispel the drifting shadows by its bright lights and merry music. But its laughter is bubbles that break with the dawn, and the mists and fogs from the harbor intrude on the night, and even in the midst of the thronging thousands a dull drab loneliness settles down on the heart, that blights its beauty and makes its golden glare seem ghoully grey. Lane of lure and haunt of siren song, wrecks of hopes and skeletons of dead sweet days lie thick in every block of Broadway.

With half closed eyes that paid no heed to the gaily clad forms in the brilliantly lighted cafe, with listless form that even the lively music of the orchestra could not quicken, the solitary form in the shabby dress suit sat waiting. He had not long to wait. His quondam servitor quickly appeared clad in street clothes. With a "Come on Charley" he linked his arm in that of the diner and made towards the cloak room.

"How about the check?" inquired the man addressed as Charley.

"It's paid. Don't worry," tersely replied his companion.

The overcoat and hat were procured from the cloakroom. The waiter slipped a tip to the girl in charge and with a smiling good night to her led his companion to the street, where he jumped into a taxi, signalled his companion to follow and gave an address on the East Side to the driver.

"I'm taking you to my room; when we get there we can talk," was the only comment he vouchsafed to his companion until the auto stopped before the door of a modest but respectable rooming house on Lexington Ave. Still in silence he led his companion to the third floor, switched on the electric light, took the coat and hat of the other, threw it with his own on the white enamelled bed and signing to his companion to one of the two easy chairs which the room boasted, threw himself into the other and sat quizzically surveying his guest.

"Well," finally blurted the other, "I'm dying of curiosity. It seems to me that I've seen your face somewhere, but I can't place it."

"So Charley Richards, the great Charley Richards, the athlete of his age, the hero of his regiment, was going to take the poison route, the coward's way, out of life," was the response, if response it could be called, to the other's questioning gaze.

At the remark about poison, the guest started and looked sharply at his companion. At the open thrust in the remark about coward he flushed angrily and then said: "Well, you're a wise bird for a waiter. You spoiled my little game, but what in blazes is it to you? And who the devil are you, that's what I want to know?"

The other continued as if in a reverie: "Charlie Richards who used to be the backbone and the heart of the whole eleven, whose 'Come on fellows, the game's never over till the last whistle blows' pulled many a victory out of defeat for the old Blue and White, Sergeant Charley Richards who lone handed held back a whole company of Germans on the road to Chaumont, good old Charley Richards, the truest friend a fellow ever owned—"

The reverie ended right there. The man addressed had sprung from his chair and was pounding the other hysterically on the shoulder and with a voice that was laughter and half tears was shouting: "Tom Scannell, you old rascal, you— you," and his voice quavered and broke and slumping into his chair he covered his face with his hands and burst into sobs.

Scannell waited in silence until the storm had spent itself. Then

he arose and placing his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the other said: "I guess we have a whole lot to talk about eh, old man?"

"You said it," replied Richards. "Forgive me old pal. It is such a shock to meet you in these circumstances that I'm acting like a kid."

"Better a kid than a coward," said the other softly.

There was a silence for a moment. Then Richards put out his hand. "I suppose I must thank you, Tom, for stopping me but—but—Oh maybe it would have been better if you had let me end it all."

"Wait a minute, wait!" implored the other pushing aside the proffered hand. "Got any more veronal left?"

"No," said the other shaking his head and producing a tiny vial. "Bottle's empty."

Scannell took the bottle and laid it on the table. "I'll watch you Tom," said he producing a small bottle. "Know what this is?" And he placed a small bottle in the hand of his friend.

"Whew!" whistled Charley, "Mercury-bichloride. Enough to kill a dozen men."

"Well," said Tom with a wan smile, "I was thinking of swallowing all of that before I retired tonight."

"You darn fool!" ejaculated his companion.

His companion laughed in spite of himself. "Well, if that isn't the kettle calling the pot black, I don't know what it is," said he. He took a cigarette case from his pocket, passed it to his friend, took a cigarette himself and when they had lighted the little paper cylinders both men smoked in silence for a while.

Tom broke the silence. He reached into his pocket and took therefrom a tiny medal; his friend fumbled for a moment, reached under his collar and produced another medal, a perfect match for the other.

Then Tom said mournfully: "And to think we were going to face God, suicides, with those on our person. What would Father Quinn say?"

"He'd turn in his grave if he knew it," said the other mournfully.

"Perhaps he does know it," said Tom solemnly. "Do you know what tonight is?"

"Sure, Christmas Eve," replied Charley. "Twenty-five years ago since he gave them to us, his favorite altar boys. Oh, good Lord!" and he covered his face with his hands once more.

His friend arose and seating himself on the arm of the other's chair said: "Charley, Charley, how did we ever come to this?"

The other groaned. "Don't speak of it Tom," he begged, "I'm too miserable."

"Do you know," continued his friend, sinking into his chair once more, "there must be some other way out. I knew you tonight as soon as I saw you peering through the window. You did that three times, remember, before you plucked up courage to enter."

"I know, I know," half whispered the other. "But did you know that I did not have a cent in my pockets."

"Sure. I know the signs of the down and out," replied his friend. "I've been working in that restaurant for six months. But I didn't know till you had pulled that bottle from your pocket when I brought you the soup, what you had planned for the last act of the show. Come, how did you land at the gates of despair? Let's study the ground and then—."

"Then—we've got to quit being dirty yellow cowards and face the situation together," said Charley hotly, as if in anger and disgust at his own weakness more than in reproach to his friend.

"Righto!" said Tom. "Suppose you begin. You know I haven't seen you in twelve years. Dad you know sent me to South America to look after his coffee interests there. I came back when the war broke out to try to get you to join me in some New York regiment. I found you had already enlisted in the marines. I had to be content with the engineers. Say boy, the papers were full of your exploits."

Charley smiled. "Seems to me I read about a French general pinning a cross of the Legion of Honor on a certain engineer," he said. "I often wondered where you were till I saw that picture. Well I guess I can blame the army in a way for my downfall. After we parted at St. Pat's I took up medicine. Infidel professors never entirely stole my faith, but they sure did weaken it. I quit going to the sacraments except twice a year, Easter and—"

"Christmas," eagerly supplied his friend. "We promised Father Quinn that."

"Yep, replied his friend. "And I kept that promise till I got out of the army. In the army gambling became a passion with me. When I came back, instead of building up my practice again, I haunted the card tables. Then I took to drugs for a while to steady my nerves, but I quit that a year ago—didn't pay. Well, to cut a long story short. Two years ago I forged Dad's name to a check to pay a gambling debt. I

never crossed the threshold of home again. Dad had been raising the dickens all along about my gambling, and I—well, I didn't have the nerve to face him since. I had quit going to church when I started on the downward path. I used to go to Holy Communion every First Friday, but now it's three years since I entered a church. Those First Fridays were bright spots in my life—and since this is a sort of general confession—I might as well tell you that I miss the bright spots and since I've missed them I tried to let the lights of Broadway take their place. But it don't work. I went down, down, down, and tonight I was going to ring down the curtain when you stepped in."

"I tried that too," said Tom. "But of late the lights of Broadway have blinded me to all except my dismal failure as a Catholic and as a man. My story is shorter than yours. You know the family had lots of money; but they valued their faith more than their gold. Well, I met a girl, rather a divorced woman. I became infatuated. Dad told me that if I did not give her up, he'd disinherit me. So I stalked out of the house resolved to make a fortune for myself and cling to my lady love. I went to South America again with fifty thousand dollars. Lost it in a year. Of course the church stood in the way of my plans, so I gave it up. When I came back I found that my old flame had eloped with her chauffeur. But that only made me bitter against God and man. Luck left me. I drifted from bad to worse and finally ended up in the restaurant where you met me."

"Yes, but why were you thinking of travelling tonight from Broadway to hell, tonight of all the nights in the year?"

"Oh I guess you know why," replied Tom. "Pride and shame and remorse and all that. But to tell the whole truth I think it was the medal. I loved that old priest so much, I couldn't bring myself to throw away the only remembrance I had of him. Every time I looked at it, it filled me with hatred of myself."

"Same here," replied his friend. "Tonight I was thinking of that night twenty-five years ago when he gave us each one of those gold medals of Our Lady and asked us to wear them always. See mine went through France and—well tonight I could picture him as he patted us each on the head that night and bade us hurry home so as to be on time to serve his masses next morning. Then I hated myself so much that I thought hell was too good for me."

Tom arose and paced the room his hands behind his back, head

bent in deep thought. His friend gazed moodily at the ceiling for a while. Then he took the poison pellets from the bottle and crushed them with the bottom of the bottle. Finally he flung the bottle and the crushed pellets into a corner, and picking up the medals put one into his pocket and rising proffered the other to his friend.

"Here's your medal, Tom," he said quietly and reached for his hat and coat.

"Where are you going, Charley?" inquired Tom, but his voice showed he guessed the answer to his question.

"I've been missing the bright spots long enough. I'm going to try to make Christmas bright again. Are you game?"

"I was thinking the same. Two candles on an altar have more attraction for me now than all of Broadway's twenty million lights. Let's go over to the Cathedral."

Methinks that the angels must have put more fervor into their "Glorias" at the Midnight Mass that night, for Heaven rejoices when a sinner repents. A man in a shabby dress suit was closely followed by another, who limped from a wound received in France, as the faithful came from Communion at St. Patrick's that night. Their faces were tear-stained, but the light of heaven was reflected in every movement.

As Charley Richards walked down the steps of the Cathedral after Mass he jostled an elderly woman on her way to a waiting limousine. He turned to beg her pardon, but stopped speechless with surprise. As for the little woman, she surprised the throng of worshippers by throwing her arms around the man in the shabby dress-suit and bursting into tears. Then she insisted, despite his protestations, in dragging him and his companion to the automobile, where a fussy old gentleman who was opening the door turned just in time to repeat the embrace which the old lady had given to Charley. The auto whisked away its occupants to a house on Washington Heights. There was more laughter and hand-shaking and tears, but the tears seemed joyous Christmas tears somehow. Then the fussy old gentleman stepped into another room. A telephone jangled; the old man returned, whispered something to the young man in the dress suit, who stepped up to his companion and said:

"Tom, I'd ask you to stay all night, but your father and mother are coming to take you home with them."

A flush reddened Tom's cheek and he stiffened somewhat, as though

about to make a stern reply. But his friend threw his arm around his shoulder and whispered: "Tom, old boy, they've been missing the bright spots in life even more than you and I. Shall we to whom so much has been forgiven tonight let pride make us and them keep on forever missing the bright spots?"

Tom hung his head and a tear stole down his cheek. His friend whispered something in his ear. Then the two strong men took from their pockets each a tiny gold medal and solemnly kissed it.

The light from the fireplace gleamed on the medals and made them shine as though the firelight were loath to miss a single bright spot on all the two blessed tokens.

"EVEN IF DADDY ISN'T THERE."

There came to the kindergarten, a little new girl, who was as shy as she was pretty, says the Indianapolis News. Demurely she followed the other children around the corner, and when they began building with blocks, she sat and watched without saying a word. The teacher was wondering whether or not she could coax her to talk, when the fire bell rang. Instantly the tot was on her feet.

"There's the fire bell, teacher," she said excitedly. "Please, count the rings, wont you?"

To please her, the teacher counted the rings and reported the call. With a look of happiness on her face the little girl sat down.

"That isn't my daddy's fire-house number," she said softly. "but I'll have to pray a minute so none of the other firemen get hurt."

For a few seconds her little head was bowed and her lips moved. When she came back to her blocks again, she explained to the teacher: "Mother and I always pray for them, even if daddy isn't there."

"Our small progress deprives us of all natural encouragement. For our minds must be thoroughly saturated with supernatural principles, always to realize that one evil thought repelled, one angry humor smartly chastised, one base envy well warred down, one thorough Deo Gratias in a piece of ill-luck, may be really hundreds of leagues of progress; and each of them worth more than a whole world to us, as something which pleases God, and which God has enabled us to do."—*Faber*.

The Paths of Light

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN, CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Newman was now on the turning point of the road. When he retired into seclusion at Littlemore, he was still uncertain of the outcome, though he was aware that it might carry him to Rome. At the same time he fully realized what it would mean to him. No man could live in the atmosphere he had lived in, no man could exert the influence he had exerted, no man could receive the honor he had received and not feel the severance of all these bonds that bound him so intimately to the English Established Church. Yet he was not a man to shrink from consequences.

"I will not blink the question," he wrote to one inquirer; "so be it!"

THE LAST STRUGGLES.

On September 25, 1843, he preached his last sermon to his old congregation at Littlemore. It was on "The Parting of Friends," and is one of his best: so elegant its wording, so teeming with Sacred Scripture, so deep its pathos. Only a man whose feelings were stirred to their depths, could write such a sermon. He concluded it with a farewell, which, it is said, left the audience in tears. He said:

"And O my brethern, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know anyone whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves or what you did not know; has read to you your wants and feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him or feel well-inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

After this he retired still more completely and gave himself entirely to study and prayer.

He resolved to go over the whole question once again, and for this

purpose undertook a work on the "Development of Christian Doctrine." Back to Christ,—the cry of modern critics of the Church, seemed to ring in his own soul. Was the Church of England or the Church of Rome the church of antiquity,—of the first ages? Clearly the Church of Rome presented phases that the Church of the Apostles did not present in the same explicit way. The whole question then, resolved itself to this: Granted that Christ established a Church, whose principles and lineaments we find in the Scriptures and the history of the early ages, would it, after the lapse of generations, after passing through the vicissitudes of times, and environment, human thought and expression, while remaining the same substantially, present the same phases as those which so shocked him in the Church of Rome?

"I gave my mind," he says, "to the principle of development." It was not a slight task; in the performance of it, he shirked no labor. The book resulted in a masterpiece of painstaking historical research, and clear, close, logical reasoning. He began it as a Protestant; before it was complete he could write: "Since the above was written, the author has joined the Catholic Church."

THE CRISIS.

Indeed, intellectually, he had for some time been convinced that the Church of Rome was the Apostolic Church. One difficulty beset him still: Was he perhaps making a mistake?

"If intellect were to settle the matter," he wrote about this time, "I should not be now where I am. But other considerations come in and distress me." One of these was the sight of other men, whose powers and abilities he admired, and who either remained in Protestantism, or fell into Unitarianism or free thought.

"They are a puzzle to me," he says. "I can put my finger on this or that fault in their character and say: Here was the fault. But they did not know the fault, and so it comes upon me: How do I know that I too have not my weak points which occasion me to think as I think. How can I be sure I have not committed sins which bring this unsettled state of mind on me as a judgment? This is what is so very harrassing."

No wonder he said, in full realization of what he was about, and yet with fine courage: "How dreadful it is to have to act on great matters so much in the dark! Yet I, who have preached so much on the

duty of following in the night whenever God may call, am the last person who have a right to complain."

In the end, however, there was only one question to answer, and this he realized. He himself put it thus in a letter to one of his friends (Jan. 1845):

This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty, is a warrant for anyone leaving our church; no preference of another church, no delight in its services, no hope of greater religious advancement in it, no indignation, no disgust, at the persons and things among which we may find ourselves in the Church of England. The simple question is: Can *I* (it is personal, not whether *another*, but can *I*) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety, were I to die tonight? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion.

THE DECISION.

The English Protestants stormed at Newman. The newspapers brought articles almost daily, attacking him, misinterpreting his actions and his sayings. In July, 1845, an Anglican Bishop thought it necessary to give out a statement to the world, in order to minimize, if possible, the importance of Newman's conversion. He said: "The adherents of Mr. Newman are few in number. A short time will now probably suffice to prove this fact. It is well known that he is preparing for secession; and when that event takes place, it will be seen how few will go with him."

Newman tried as best he could to ignore the hubbub. "All this time," he says, "I was hard at my Essay on Doctrinal Development. As I advanced, my view so cleared, that instead of speaking anymore of 'Roman Catholics', I boldly called them 'Catholics'. Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received."

On Oct. 5, 1845, he wrote in his diary: I kept indoors all day preparing for General Confession.

On Oct. 7, he sent a letter to Henry Wilberforce, saying: "My dearest H. W.—

Father Dominic, the Passionist, is passing this way, on his way from Aston in Staffordshire to Belgium, where a chapter of his order is to be held at this time. He is to come to Littlemore for the night as a guest of one of us whom he admitted at Aston. He does not know of my intentions, but I shall ask of him admission to the one true Fold of the Redeemer. I shall keep this back till all is over."

On the evening of Oct. 8, Father Dominic came, amid a drenching downpour of rain. That night yet Newman made his general confession.

For Oct. 9, his diary records: "Admitted to the Catholic Church with Bowles and Stanton." Next day he made his first Communion.

THE BLESSED VISION OF PEACE.

The Essay on Development lay unfinished on his desk. Newman took it up and added a few lines,—“one of those passages,” says a Protestant biographer, Mr. Hutton, “by which Newman will be remembered as long as the English language endures.” It reads:

“Such were the thoughts concerning ‘the Blessed Vision of Peace’ of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own hands, nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as a matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way to do so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes from disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be true which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long. ‘Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.’”

Newman was confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman; there were ten one-time Anglican clergymen in the chapel that day. Dr. Wiseman, writing to a friend of his about the event, said: “I assure you, the Church has not received at any time, a convert who has joined her in more docility and simplicity of faith, than Newman.”

Converts to the Church followed in batches, month after month: men whose abilities in intellectual and professional pursuits, were universally recognized. Newman was the instrument God used to give the impetus.

IN THE PORT OF PEACE.

That Newman, entering the Church with his unusually critical mind, found none the less complete satisfaction, he has,—apart from his life

and labors in the Church,—expressly testified on more than one occasion. In his "Apologia", he gives expression to it thus:

"From the time I became a Catholic, of course, I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on the logical subjects; but I have had no changes to record; and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I have never had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any difference of thought or temper of what I had before. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

"Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was trial to me. I made profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far from denying, of course, that every article of the Christian Creed * * * is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is a simple fact, that for myself, I cannot answer these difficulties. * * * But, ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate."

In 1864, a non-Catholic, Mr. Albert Smith, wrote to Newman asking him among other things, whether he regretted the step he had taken in joining the Church. He answered briefly and emphatically:

"As to your second question: 'Did you ever regret leaving the Church of England?'—I can answer sincerely: 'Never, for a single moment.'—I have been in the fullest peace and enjoyment ever since I became a Catholic, and have felt a power of truth and divine strength in its ordinances, which exist, I believe, nowhere else."

In 1862, some of the newspapers brought a notice,—however it was inspired,—that Newman was preparing to leave the Church in disgust. Newman lost no time, "not an hour," he says, in replying in most unmis- takeable terms:

"I have not had one moment's wavering in the Catholic Church, ever since I was received into her fold. I hold and I have ever held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the Center of Unity and the Vicar of Christ, and I have ever had and have still, an unclouded faith in her

creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline and teaching; and an eager longing and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness."

THE GREATEST NEWMAN.

This is not meant to be a life of Cardinal Newman, but rather an attempt to show the paths of light as revealed in his conversion. His life in the Church may be summed up in one word: tireless work. He returned to the school bench as a pupil of theology at the College of the Propaganda at Rome,—was ordained,—founded the Oratory at Birmingham in England,—was for six years Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin,—wrote and preached extensively,—was rewarded with the Cardinal's hat,—and died, full of years and labors, August 11, 1890.

I have only one thing to add to my picture of the great Cardinal and convert, John Henry Newman: it is the closing paragraph of his famous "Apologia,"—a book of which the Saturday Review, one of the most powerful secular papers of the time said: "A loose, off-hand, we may venture to add, an unjustifiable imputation cast on Dr. Newman by a popular writer, more remarkable for vigorous writing than vigorous thought, has produced one of the most interesting works of the literary age. Dr. Newman is one of the finest masters of the English language; his logical powers are almost unequalled, and, in one way or another, he has influenced the course of English thought more perhaps than any of his contemporaries."

Well, here is the passage to which I refer; it reveals that, with his peculiarly acute mind he possessed also a deep, affectionate, faithful heart:

"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this house, the priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder,—who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit

of them;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

“And to you, especially, Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me, when He took everyone else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

“And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

“And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now, be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.”

(The End.)

THE SOUVENIR.

Pope Leo XII, in the days before the Pope was a prisoner in the Vatican, one day visited a church, which, according to common repute was not very well kept. There was no one in the church at the time. He prayed there for a while and then rose to take leave. Those in charge of the church, recognizing him, asked him:

“Holy Father, won't you leave us a little souvenir of your visit?”

“Why, yes,” said the Pope; “I left one in the church, where I was kneeling.”

They hurried out to see what it was. Written in the dust on the kneeling-bench, they saw: “Leo XII.”

St. Francis of Assisi once rebuked a religious for looking sad, telling him that nothing but sin ought to make God's servants melancholy, and then only till it is forgiven.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CH. XIII. THE DEDICATION

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

As 'Old Tim' passed the line, old man Sears who, with his wife, was sitting not far from the Maloneys, jumped to his feet, swung his arms and pounded with his hickory stick. "By gums," he yelled, "I knowed it! I put my money on the right hoss! Hurrah! ole gal," stroking his wife on the back, "our fortune's made! We don't have to go to the poor-house yit!" and he squirted tobacco juice vehemently in every direction, to the utter consternation of the ladies in the neighborhood. Butterworth's face was as black as night, and he soon made himself scarce, ostensibly to look after Sultan. Janice, left to her own resources, cheered and clapped and waved her bandanna for 'Old Tim' along with the best of them. If Uncle Stanhope and 'Old Tim' had any more doughty champion than she, no one knew it. The moment 'Old Tim' crossed the line, a thousand men and boys, scaling the fence, surrounded him. Willie Maloney was hoisted upon their shoulders, a procession was formed and they started for town, the band at their head playing "Annie Rooney." Uncle Stanhope positively hugged 'Old Tim' and as June rode him off to Maloney's stable sitting as erect and proud as a king, he rolled the whites of his eyes at a bunch of young darkies standing near, and exclaimed in triumph: "What did I tell you niggas? Can't dis hoss run? Take him to de boneyard, eh? Dis am some hoss, lemme tell you dat!" And the answer came back from the humiliated crowd in a kind of hum, "M-m-m. He sholy am some hoss!"

The Maloneys gave a special dinner that night, and there was great rejoicing, and as for 'Old Tim', the hero of the occasion, he hung his head as low as ever and looked more like a hat-rack than ever before. What it was that Uncle Stanhope slipped into his mouth just before the start of the race, was never found out, even to this day. But you may rest assured that 'Old Tim' was the pride of the whole County after that, and the very particular pet of Pine Grove.

The next morning Uncle Stanhope went down to the 'Commonwealth' to find Butterworth that he might record the mortgage on the Hermitage, but found to his chagrin that the young man, to drown his

own disappointment, had gotten uproariously drunk the night before, tried to pick a fight with every body he met, and wound up by being carried to bed by two porters where he was tenderly watched over during the night by his partner, McGregor. After dinner, however, he was able to attend the business and Uncle Stanhope went home that evening. But 'Old Tim' instead of being dragged along by his head after the carriage, was proudly ridden by his celebrated jockey, Willie Maloney. The whole plantation was assembled on the front lawn when they arrived at Pine Grove just before dark, and the darkies made the welkin ring with cheer after cheer for the noble horse and his diminutive rider. Willie was surely the cock-o-the-walk on that visit and all vied with another in paying him honor. And many were the congratulations heaped upon Uncle Stanhope when it was learned that he was part owner of the "Native Products Corporation" of the Hermitage. There was a twinkle in Janice's eye as she listened to the congratulations, for she alone was cognizant of the fact that Uncle Stanhope, though an ardent total abstainer and a tickler to the law, was part-owner of an illicit moonshine distillery.

Ah! Had she but known it! There would undoubtedly have been some disturbance of the elements. Butterworth did not show up at Pine Grove for some days after the race. His chagrin and disappointment were great, and he was not overanxious to meet Uncle Stanhope. He was a haughty, high-spirited young man, and it was galling to his pride to meet face to face, the man who had caught him in his cups. But unless he intended to cut Pine Grove altogether, it was necessary for him to smother his pride and put the best face on the outcome of the race.

Accordingly on the Monday morning before Christmas, which that year fell on a Thursday, he came riding into the yard on Sultan, both fine and fresh and as well groomed as you could imagine. Janice who evidently expected him was standing on the verandah when he rode through the big gate, and waved to him and ran down the front steps and over to the hitching tree where she gave him an effusive welcome.

"You see," she said, archly smiling and holding up her hand, where the diamond sparkled in the sunlight, for the day was warm and sunny, "I have not forgotten." She now carried the ring in a little pocket she had sown on the inside of her belt, to be ready for emergencies like this. And as she pulled the ring off her finger and slipped it into the

pocket, she explained to Butterworth: "You see for prudential motives I have not announced my engagement as yet, and I do not wear this in public." He frowned. "You're not ashamed of it, are you?" he asked.

"Oh no, not at all, but we should have some ceremony about it. I'll have a party and surprise all my friends," she announced, coloring.

"Very well," he assented, "but when do you propose to get married? Tomorrow will suit me. We can't have that mansion and limousine, yet a while," and he grinned sheepishly. "That race played havoc with my exchequer. I lost heavily."

"O that makes no difference," said the girl looking up at him. "I'll marry you, Clarence, even if you haven't a nickel. We can live on corn-pone and molasses."

"That's the girl for me," he exclaimed, "You're a game sport! But let's into the house and face the music."

They found the house empty. Uncle Stanhope was down at the gin, and Charlotte had gone out to the kitchen; so they seated themselves on the verandah.

"You haven't answered my question," said Butterworth, "when shall we get married? It can't be any too soon for me."

"Hasten slowly," she said quizzically, "Neither of us is just ready to get married yet."

"Well I am," he objected, "I have no very elaborate preparations to make,—only to raise a little money to pay the parson."

"But I have many preparations to make," she came back, "First, we must have our engagement party, about the end of January. Then my trousseau must be prepared. You men have no idea what preparations a woman must make to get married in any kind of style. Next June or perhaps October." Butterworth sighed.

"I could easily hire a wedding suit in a few minutes," he said, "but I suppose you couldn't do that."

"No indeed," she exclaimed with some warmth. "There are a thousand little details to be looked after, that you men know nothing about. There is Uncle Stanhope now. Be careful and don't forget yourself."

Butterworth flushed as he rose to greet Uncle Stanhope.

"Mr. Moriarity," he said, "Your sleepy 'Old Tim' fooled everybody and no one more than myself. But I'm still convinced that Sultan is

the faster horse. Peppergrass told me the saddle-girth broke, and that he had to hold him in." Uncle Stanhope smiled.

"Alright," he replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, "any time you want to try out on the same track, we can have a private race for \$10,000 stakes, but it must be cash, and I want no more mortgages."

Butterworth grinned and sat down again. He knew that his bluff was called, and he adroitly changed the subject. "By the way," he said, "speaking of mortgages, I'm glad you are the only holder of a mortgage on the "Hermitage". You won't be too hard on me, and I hope to pay it long before it is due. You're willing to take cash any time I am ready to pay it?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Stanhope, "any time; the sooner the better."

Just then Father Liscombe appeared at the foot of the stairs, and after he had shaken hands with Butterworth, he seated himself, his face all aglow, and rubbing his hands. "The chapel is beautiful," he broke out enthusiastically. "I think there is nothing like it in the country. The native woods harmonize so beautifully. The painters have been polishing all day at the altar, and the natural grain of the columns and carving seems to stand out more clearly each moment. The painters themselves say they never did such exquisite work. The invitations to the dedication are ready and just today I got word from the Bishop that he will not fail."

"What day have you settled on Father?" inquired Uncle Stanhope.

"New Year's Day," replied the priest, "the great feast of the Circumcision. We could hardly be ready for Christmas Day; besides it is almost impossible to get priests to attend on that day; but many can get away and will be with us for Jan. 1st. We'll have our own little Christmas celebration on the front verandah. The Bishop has given me permission to have Midnight Mass, and I think our little choir will manage the singing." Father Liscombe had his heart set on a grand Christmas celebration, the like of which had never even been dreamed of in Pine Grove, or any of that region. It had been his ardent desire to have the dedication of the chapel on Christmas, but as that was impossible, he was determined to celebrate with extraordinary magnificence, and in this he was heartily seconded by Uncle Stanhope, whose soul, as he said "was starving for the beautiful things of the Church."

A crib, whose figures were a foot high, had arrived from New York, and was already spread out in one of the rooms of the bungalow, and Father Liscombe had elaborate plans for decorations.

Butterworth remained that night intending to go on to the "Hermitage" the next morning after breakfast, but when Patrick rode in the next morning having come into the neighborhood on some official business, both the young men were commandeered by Janice to help her gather Christmas decorations. Neither was loath, and after lunch, the three, accompanied by two little negro boys carrying large baskets, scoured the woods for evergreens. Janice queened it over them all and they were her willing servants, obeying her slightest behests, risking life and limb climbing up to the top of lofty trees, dangling at the ends of swaying branches, swinging and jumping like monkeys at her every caprice, while she, with a crimson cape floating from her shoulders, rang out merry peals of laughter at their awkwardness, or cajoled them with soothing words when they perchance, bruised their fingers or hands against rough trees. Patrick, the booby, almost broke his neck when he went out to the end of a slender limb to capture a tuft of green. The limb gave way with a loud crash, and Patrick came dropping from one branch to another, until in desperation he seized the lowest one, throwing his legs over it, and hung there, as Janice said "like a possum in its last agony." Patrick failed to smile the usual smile at the remark. I wonder if a tiny ray of light was beginning to penetrate through the closed shutters of his soul.

The woods rang with their shouts of merriment and laughter, and about supper time, just as the bleary sun was sinking into a bank of copper clouds and smoke, they returned to the house laden with the treasures of the forest, mistletoe, cedar, and fir branches, red-haw and loads of beautiful leaves for weaving into garlands to hang around the verandah, the altar and the little Christmas Crib.

That night there was music and practicing of Christmas hymns, and the young men watched each other like a pair of game-cocks, and the girl smiled at both, and Father Liscombe, sitting back in the shade, looked on the little drama of human life as at a movie-picture.

The next day, Christmas Eve, Janice made the two young men neglect their business and stay at Pine Grove the entire day, helping her and Charlotte to make garlands and hang them. Father Liscombe heard confessions after supper till a late hour. Every Catholic for miles around came; and at eleven o'clock, quite exhausted after the strenuous day, Father Liscombe retired for a short rest before the Midnight Mass was to begin.

At eleven thirty, the bell, down at the "quarters", on the top of a

high pole, rang out sonorously and the darkies one and all, both great and small, turned out and got into their "Sunday best". Anything in the line of a novelty would draw them from miles, and the Mid-night Mass at Pine Grove had been the talk for weeks. No sooner had the sound of the bell died away, than Uncle Zeke took the dinner horn and going from place to place he wound blast after blast and set all the dogs howling; and far away on the country roads, in every direction, could be heard the shouts of people, the creaking of wagons, the neighing of horses, and now and then the pistol shot from some reveler with too much moonshine, as they all, with one intent converged upon Pine Grove.

At 11:45 from the East end of Uncle Stanhope's verandah the choir with piano accompaniment, reinforced by violins, began to sing Christmas carols, and the beautiful strains of "Adeste Fideles" and Holy Night, floated out over the listening throng and echoed and re-echoed from the great silent forest trees, and beat against the twinkling stars in their midnight watches.

Just before the midnight hour, the two little boys of the overseer, in white cassocks and exquisite lace surplices, came out and lit the candles at the altar. In the meantime the choir had moved over and taken up their position on a specially built platform near the steps of the bungalow. There was a little organ for accompaniment. Father Liscombe came out in gold vestments, and the Mass began.

Never before had such a scene been witnessed in Pine Grove. The wind, gently breathing from the Mexican Gulf, was as soft and warm as a May day. The altar, tastefully decorated with large vases of cut flowers, and literally banked up with great palms from Charlotte's hothouse, the garlands of evergreens and leaves gracefully pendent from one central spot above the altar and secured to the pillars and walls forming a kind of tent-like structure over the priest's head, the pillars and woodwork wound with smilax, and dozens of twinkling candles in gilt candelabra—all formed a tout-ensemble of beauty and solemnity.

Father Liscombe was in the best of voice; the choir, assisted by a young tenor from Savannah, a particular of Father Liscombe, acquitted themselves nobly, the crowd—Catholic and non-Catholic, by this time augmented to huge proportions stood or knelt in awesome reverence, the darkies, many from other plantations, and especially the children, watched the proceedings with open-mouthed wonder.

At the Gospel, Father Liscombe advanced to the rail to read the

Christmas story. The Crib had been arranged on its special platform just below him, but at this juncture the curtain which concealed it from view, dropped, and the wonderful story of God's love was revealed at one and the same time to ear and eye. The effect was tremendous, especially when Father Liscombe, in clear simple language, intelligible to a child, yet freighted with sublimity, told the wonderful story of God's dealing with men.

Both Butterworth and Janice were deeply moved and Butterworth remarked afterwards that it was the most dramatic scene he had ever witnessed, and believe me, he had seen some shows.

At dinner, which was later than usual, there were gifts at every plate. Janice had a present from everyone except Butterworth. When she opened one rather pretentiously looking package, a card dropped out—"From Patrick Maloney". It was a beautiful ivory work box. Janice made a low bow, Butterworth looked disconcerted. How had he managed it? And he began to apologize to her. "You yourself are to blame," he said, "You kept me out here making garlands when I should have been hunting a present for you." Janice pouted and laughed.

"What is a gift compared to the giver? I had your company. That is enough." Father Liscombe applauded. Patrick, when he saw that there was no getting away from Janice, had phoned his sister Catherine, and she had selected the gifts for him, and sent them out in time. That was once that Patrick scored on Butterworth. But what was the use? The Boob! Making presents to another man's fiancée! Tut, tut!!

Towards evening, Patrick left for Pulaski, and later Butterworth tore himself to go to the Hermitage for the night.

Pine Grove had a week of respite and quiet save for an active and constant preparation for the dedication. The painters were gone and the new pews in place, and Charlotte was busy superintending the work of cleaning up. Janice had gone to Pulaski the day after Christmas to stay at Maloney's for the week, and was to come back for the dedication with the party from Pulaski.

It was a week of gaiety for her, something doing every minute, and she was right in her element.

Thursday, New Year's Day, came at last. About a dozen priest's had responded, three Monsignors and two Bishops. So Pine Grove had its hands full entertaining them. Uncle Stanhope was as happy as a june-bug, dispensing hospitalities and listening to encomiums on

the chapel, the bungalow, and many other things of interest to city folks. A great crowd had assembled, not as great perhaps as at Christmas, but more representative. Many Catholics from other towns and country places, and many had come from Pulaski in automobiles and carriages. A raw wind blew from the north west and it was much colder.

At ten o'clock, in full pontificals, the Bishops surrounded by priests and servers, had scarcely begun the service of consecration, when suddenly a heavy black smoke was seen issuing from the sacristy, and filling all the building. Then the cry of "Fire! fire!" and willing hands rushed to the rescue, but too late. The building, all of wood and much of it pine and freshly painted made good fodder for the fire-fiend. With incredible swiftness the flames licked their way, with a frightful roar, and all saw at once that the chapel was doomed. Father Liscombe was the picture of despair, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. Uncle Stanhope stood like one dazed. Fortunately the wind was blowing away from the house and bungalow, else all would have been swept away. Suddenly Janice cried "my music!" and dashed into the burning building. She was gone before anyone could stop her. "She is mad," they cried. "No one can live in that smoke." Then suddenly there was the crash of breaking glass. Janice appeared at the choir window, eighteen feet above, stretching out her hands in mute appeal.

(To be continued.)

These are difficulties,—but we have to reach heaven and must press on.—*Faber.*

"No matter whether you feel like it or not," says Marden, "just affirm that you must feel like it, that you will feel like it, and that you do feel like it, that you are normal and that you are in a position to do your best. Say it deliberately, affirm it vigorously, and it will come true."

And when we think of God's grace, to which prayer is the unfailing key, we have every reason to say it.

"When we consider the force of compunction, I am astonished to find what interior joy and consolation it produces instead of grief or sadness."—*St. John Climacus.*

Catholic Anecdotes

A POWERFUL MISSIONARY.

An old experienced pastor tells the following little story, which shows once more what a powerful missionary any layman can make of himself. The priest was just returning from the funeral of one of his parishioners,—a man with a typically Irish name,—when he was stopped by a prominent non-Catholic business man. He began naturally to speak of the old veteran's passing away.

"We were young men together," said the business man, "and were employed by a large railroad. We were carpenters and were sent by the company to a point where some great building work was under way. The hotel accommodations were very poor, so the company established a large dormitory for the benefit of the men.

"There were no partitions between the beds. One night, while we were telling stories, the young Irishman came in and started to get ready for bed. Despite the fact that the room was crowded with young men who, it might seem, were not any too religious, the Irishman took out his rosary and dropped to his knees at the side of his bed. A hush passed over the room.

"The next night, he went down on his knees and said the rosary again. Two other young men, encouraged by his good example also prayed. I was one of them. I hardly knew how to pray, but I did my best, and I have never missed my night prayers once from that day to this. Within a week every young man in that dormitory was saying his night prayers."

THE UNSEEN HAND.

In the life of Thomas Grant, the first Bishop of Southwark, we find the following incident, told by himself.

A lady of his acquaintance visited a convent near London, and seeing in the convent a beautiful statue, she felt a desire to have a light burning before it. She told one of the nuns, therefore, to get a suitable

lamp and oil and she would pay for it. The nun promised to do so, and also to let her know the day and hour when they would light the lamp, so that the lady might join in the rosary which the nuns would say for her.

When the nun's letter came, the lady was just about setting out on a journey in her carriage. She had her little daughter with her. Still when the appointed hour came, she took out her beads, and calling her little daughter who was sitting on the front seat, to come back and sit beside her to say the rosary with her, she began her prayers in union with the nuns at the convent.

They had not yet finished reciting the first decade, when they were startled by a frightful crash and a great noise. The child clung to her mother, who clasped her in terror, to herself; but still she kept a tight hold on her rosary and continued to say it. In an instant their carriage was cloven in two, struck by the engine of a railroad train. The front part where the child had been sitting, was cut off and dashed over a precipice, while the rear part, remained on the rail, quite uninjured. The mother and her daughter were not touched.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

I was once called in a southern city to the bedside of a gentleman who was suffering from a protracted disease, Cardinal Gibbons once said. He had been a life-long disciple of Voltaire, and was imbued with the doctrines of that able and insidious writer. He was a most cultivated and polite gentleman, and would not intentionally give offense or pain to anyone.

When I entered the room I began to set before him, as well as I could, the teachings of the Christian religion, and to impress upon him the obligation of accepting the claims of the Catholic Church.

He listened to me with great patience and attention till I had exhausted all the arguments that suggested themselves to my mind. When I had done he thanked me for my interest, but said that my words did not remove the difficulties from his mind. There was a chasm which had not been bridged over.

While I admired the candor and sincerity of the patient, I was mortified at the failure of my efforts to convert him. I determined to make another effort to relieve my conscience.

"You certainly admit," said I, "the existence of One Supreme Being, the Creator and Lord of all things, visible and invisible?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied, for all creation must have a first great cause."

"You admit," said I again, "that this Supreme Being is endowed with supreme intelligence, for He must possess, in an eminent degree, all the attributes possessed by His most intelligent creatures?"

"Reason assures me of this," he said.

"You admit," I continued, "that this Supreme Being takes an interest in His creatures, especially in His intelligent creatures, that He loves us, that He possesses the affection and paternal solicitude which an earthly father has for his children, in a word, that He is eminently our Father?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied."

"You admit, therefore, that He may be moved by our prayers and entreaties?"

"Most assuredly," he answered.

"Then," said I, "you admit the utility and necessity for prayer?"

This, he admitted, necessarily followed from what I had asked.

I asked him then, as a special favor, to promise me to offer up daily this short prayer to the Supreme Being.

"O God, give me light to see the Truth, and grace to follow it."

He replied most earnestly that he would comply with my request. I left him with serious misgivings about his future.

A few days later I was again called to his beside, and was struck with the glow of enthusiasm that shone on his countenance in contrast with the gloom that sat on it before. He made an eloquent profession of his faith in the Christian religion in language at once simple and sublime, and begged me to baptize him.

Here is a stirring instance of the power of prayer and the direct agency of God in the conversion of a soul without man's interposition. One ray of God's light did more than human words could accomplish.

"How far each easy careless speech of ours has been borne abroad and swayed men's minds and fortunes, who but God can tell! Such a mighty power for good or evil lies hid in the tiny organ we call our tongue."—*Garesche*.

Pointed Paragraphs

1922.

All beginnings are more or less solemn.

You stand at the cradle of a child and involuntarily your thoughts run on into the future—even to the end, and you ask, as one the friends of Elizabeth asked of the infant St. John: What think you will this one be?

You gather at the Commencement exercises of our schools and colleges. You see the budding youths and girls about to set out on their various paths in life. Spontaneously comes the thought: What will they make of it?

You stand at the church door and see the newly married couple come out, flushed with a new joy; they have laid the cornerstone of a family and home and you wonder: What will they build in the years to come?

At all beginnings, your thoughts travel naturally to the end.

You stand at the beginning of a new year and again your mind carries you forward and your heart anxiously puts the query: What will it bring?

It may bring sickness; it may bring death and bereavement; it may bring estrangements and misunderstandings; it may bring trials of various kinds. New pleasures may be in its train, new comforts, supports, friends, delights. These are uncertainties.

But there are certainties. It will bring us one year nearer to death and eternity. It shall bring us—if we but wish it and make up our minds to it—it can bring blessing and salvation.

Your resolution must be: I am going to make the best use of my life, of my powers, of my talents and of every moment during the year 1922, so that the end of it will find me stronger in character, better in mind and heart, richer in grace and merit, nearer to God.

“Repeated delays kill the best resolves and amendment delayed is always a losing enterprise or a flat failure.”—*Faber*.

KEEP FIT.

Doctors tell us it is necessary to undergo medical examination from time to time in order to keep always in best condition. Dentists likewise always advise a regular visit for examination. No telling when decay may set in, and to wait till pain urges us to go, may cost us a tooth or a serious illness.

What holds of the bodily health holds also of the soul. The more frequent the examinations we undergo—in daily self-examination and weekly confession—the more certain we are of keeping fit.

Besides every self examination merits grace and every sacramental confession confers it, by bringing us in touch with the unseen Hand of Christ and His cleansing Blood.

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE.

In 1916, the Holy Father Pope Benedict XV in a special Brief on the Church Unity Octave said:

"In every age it has been the concern of the Roman Pontiffs, Our Predecessors, and likewise it concerns us very much, that Christians who have unfortunately withdrawn from the Catholic Religion should at length be recalled to it as to a forsaken Mother. For in the Unity of faith the foremost characteristic of the Truth of the Church shines forth, and it is thus that the Apostle Paul exhorts the Ephesians to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, by proclaiming that 'there is one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism'. With a glad mind, therefore, we have heard that prayers have been proposed to be recited from the Feast of the Blessed Peter at Rome to the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, in order that this aim of Unity might be obtained from the Lord; and at the same time we rejoice that these prayers, blessed by Pope Pius the Tenth of recent memory, and approved by the Bishops of America, have been circulated far and wide through the United States."

The movement originated with the Society of the Atonement, while it was still Protestant, in 1908. The first practical result was that the Society came into the Church, in a body, two years later. Since then they have been active in enlisting all Catholics of America in it.

Converts who see better than we the difference between darkness

and light—because they have not all their lives dwelt in the light, generally show a greater desire for the conversion of their one-time co-religionists. And most converts, too, realize what a great part prayer—perhaps the secret, unasked prayer of an unknown person—has played in bringing to them the grace of conversion.

It is a point we, who have from childhood enjoyed the divine influence of true Sacraments and Real Presence, can learn from them.

Subjoined are the prayers of the Octave, blessed by the Holy Father, and enriched with indulgences. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on the first and last day of the octave, under the usual conditions.

For the benefit of pastors or institutions that wish to make a public novena the Graymoor Fathers publish an 8 page pamphlet with prayers and hymns, obtainable from The Lamp Publishing Co., Garrison, N. Y. Price: a hundred copies for \$1.00, five hundred copies for \$3.00.

JANUARY 18 - JANUARY 25.

Prayers to be recited daily:

Antiphon: That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. St. John xvii: 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

Prayer: O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever, Amen.

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received as often as possible during the Octave, *daily* if possible, *certainly* on the Sunday within the Octave.

The daily intentions:—

Jan. 18. *Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome.* The return of all the "other sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. *Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.* The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

AN AMERICAN SAINT.

On Sunday, December 11, the reading of the decree, attesting the heroic virtues of Ven. John Nepomucene Neumann, C. Ss. R., Bishop of Philadelphia, took place in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, in the presence of a great concourse of Cardinals, prelates and religious.

The Holy Father in commenting on this, the first step in the process of Ven. Bishop Neumann's canonization, said that those would have a particular reason to be pleased who have a special interest in the Servant of God—his children of America, who owe the great development of Catholic life in no small measure to the saintly Bishop's zeal as a missionary.

Bishop Neumann labored in 5 dioceses including New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. It has been said that his life was characterized by the simplicity of his work and that this very simplicity was an obstacle to the declaration of his heroic virtues. This was a mistaken principle, declared His Holiness, since heroism of virtue does not consist in extraordinary accomplishments, but in the perfect fulfillment of one's duty.

The Holy Father then called attention to Bishop Neumann's great missionary labors in pioneer days—his sacrifices and disinterestedness, his struggle against unbelievers, and his goodness toward converts. He pointed out that the servant of God had built in his career as Bishop fifty churches, established many missions, introduced the Forty Hours' Adoration in America, fought off the evil of godless schools by establishing more than 100 parochial schools.

He then exhorted all the faithful to imitate Ven. Neumann's heroic

virtues not only priests, bishops and missionaries, but all and especially promoters of Catholic activity which, to bring results, must be animated by the same devotion, zeal and generosity as were possessed by the holy Redemptorist Bishop.

Thus in a few years the United States may step into line with other peoples as having added a name to the list of canonized saints.

WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

Judge Scanlan of Chicago, recently put his finger on a sore spot. The more serious part of Chicago's people are aroused over the dastardly, the wanton, the inhuman, the multiplied crimes committed in the city, and then wonder at the explanation of it all.

The Judge turns round and declares: you are at fault yourselves. How? By your indifference, your lack of indignation, your apathy. Are you yourselves taking the right moral stand against it? No, he says. Take up the Tribune of a few days back, when it recorded the escape of O'Connor, a man convicted of murder. Several people were stopped by a reporter and asked what they thought of his escape. Most of them sympathized with the man. This, concludes the Tribune, is not a freak of chance; these illustrate a general sentiment—which must be characterized as a sentiment of lawlessness.

One who has a true conception of law and its obligation must resent its breaking—must feel his sense of justice outraged—must wish for the due punishment of it—that the majesty of the law be preserved.

But there is another side to the question. If we, the plebs, are to respect the majesty of the law, and uphold it, then let the lawgivers also remember the majesty of the law and not travesty it by investing every insane idea of hair brained reformers with the trappings of law.

At Washington our congressmen sit together and legislate the Maternity Bill, and everywhere crimes that cry against God and against American ideals are calling for redress. It is not the only instance we might cite. But suffice it for our space.

There seems to be no principle at the bottom of our public life; all is sentiment. With religion abandoned—no wonder. The very bottom is knocked out of right thinking and right living.

"Each builds his own world by his thought-habit."—*Manden.*

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Some remarkable figures were presented by the Board of Governors at the recent annual meeting of the Church Extension Society. During the 16 years of the society's existence, 4074 church buildings have been aided in their erection by the benefactions of the Society. Between the years 1909 and 1919 the total number of churches erected in the United States was 3258. Of this number 52.85 per cent were helped by Extension gifts. In most cases the churches could not have been contemplated without such external aid.

* * *

A new church costing \$80,000, and dedicated to the Holy Redeemer, is to be erected for the Colored Catholics of Washington. The need of the church was expressed by Cardinal Gibbons more than a year ago, when he said to Father Tobin, the Rector of the Church: "I pray that God may spare me to lay the cornerstone for this building, which shall mean so much to our devoted Colored Brethren of Washington."

* * *

Rev. John F. Noll, Ll. D., editor of Our Sunday Visitor, has received official announcement from Rome that he has been elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate, as a recognition of his work in the defence and spread of the Faith through his weekly paper.

* * *

There was more than a religious ceremony in the consecration of Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban on Dec. 22," says the Chicago Tribune. The ceremony was impressive to the point of grandeur, but there were added tokens of affection and pride on the part of those who had known the prelate from his boyhood. For fifteen years he had served as assistant chancellor and chancellor of the diocese, and during that time had won the admiration and esteem of clergy and laity alike. He was born in Chicago, forty three years ago.

* * *

Anti-Catholic prejudice rode to a hard fall in the recent municipal elections in San Francisco, when three members of the Board of Education who were vigorously opposed by anti-Catholic elements headed the ticket of seven that was balloted on. Two of the members of the Board who were subjected to the bigoted opposition were Catholics,—Daniel C. Murphy and Alice Rose Power. A third, F. Dohrmann, Jr., had been educated at a Catholic College.

* * *

A reminder that the Church is growing old: St. Peter's Church, Memphis, celebrated its 75th birthday, Nov. 20, with solemn religious ceremony and religious grandeur. Its large auditorium was crowded

with Memphis Catholics and their non-Catholic neighbors, all in festive spirit with the Dominican Fathers to commemorate their Diamond Jubilee as the leading factors of Catholicity in Memphis.

* * *

The Catholics of Chicago archdiocese have contributed during the year more than \$1,000,000 to charity here and abroad, at the calls of Archbishop Mundelein, according to a pastoral issued by the Archbishop. Last year's collection for the Pope reached the sum of \$130,000, "a level," says the pastoral letter, "never attained heretofore by any church in Christendom."

* * *

During the past month, several historic personages of the Church in America passed away: Msgr. W. H. Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions; Bishop Trobec, Bishop of St. Cloud until 1914, when he resigned on account of old age; Father Walter Drum, S. J. the noted Scripture scholar.

* * *

The students of the Cathedral Schools of Denver, are cultivating an intensive spirit of work in behalf of vocations for the priesthood and sisterhood. They made a public novena this year, ending on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, for the purpose of beseeching the Blessed Virgin to obtain vocations. A similar novena was held in 1920, and as a result four members of last year's high school graduating class left to join the Sisters of charity and for other vocations. The students intend to erect a bronze tablet on the right hand wall of the entrance to the new high school containing names of former students who have devoted their lives to God as Sisters or priests.

* * *

The famous bell of St. Philomena's Redemptorist Church and Monastery (Pittsburgh), which once upon a time was a factory bell and served to call the toilers of Pittsburgh to work instead of prayer, will be removed to the site on Squirrel Hill, where the new church and monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers will be erected. The removal is caused by the expanding of the yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. But on or near the spot where the bell now rests a monument will be raised to commemorate the fact that Ven. John Nepomucene Neumann, who will be the first canonized saint among the priests of the United States, served as Pastor of this church and here entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

* * *

The following episcopal appointments were made by the Holy See: Rt. Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn; Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, D. D., Bishop of Lacrosse, Wis.; Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, D. D., Bishop of Odgensburg, N. Y.

* * *

Practical work in aiding aspirants to citizenship is being done by the Catholic Women's club of Los Angeles, through its educational department, which is now giving classes in Italian, French, literature, parliamentary law, drama, music and history. The Club has already made

plans for the erection of its new clubhouse, at a cost of \$20,000. Eight hundred members are enrolled.

* * *

A wave of righteous indignation and vigorous protest swept over the Mexican Republic when a bomb, placed by some sacrilegious hand under the altar of the Shrine, partially wrecked the shrine. The sacred image was not in the least injured. Indignation meetings and religious services of reparation were held all over Mexico. Friday, Nov. 18, thousands of Mexicans journeyed to the Shrine, where ceremonies of reparation were held under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Association, the Young Men's Catholic Association, the Knights of Columbus and various labor unions. Catholic business houses remained closed during the afternoon and many banks suspended business during the day.

* * *

Catholic women of Mexico are taking a new and remarkable interest in public affairs and various welfare activities. This is said to be the result of the trials the Church of Mexico had to undergo, but it is also due to the world-wide movement affecting woman. The Mexican Catholic Ladies' Union is foremost among organized bodies that take up matters that have a religious side, and study such subjects as child welfare and public morals, exerting a strong influence for betterment along these lines. The newly formed Young Women's Catholic Association, similar in scope to the Young Men's Catholic Association, has outlined a program that promises far-reaching results. The Mexican woman has always been found in religious and charitable work, but these newer activities call for a mingling with the world and the serious consideration of problems that did not formerly thrust themselves upon her notice.

* * *

American recognition of the new Federation of Central American States is being urged by representatives of the three countries that have entered the Union, and it is likely that the question will come officially before the State Department soon. Information that the Catholic Bishops of two of the three States organizing the federation,—Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras,—have condemned the anti-Christian spirit of the constitution of the Union, has reached Washington simultaneously with the arrival of the delegates who have come to this country to win recognition. The provisions of the Constitution condemned by the Bishops of Salvador are particularly the following: That prohibiting the establishment of monastic orders; that depriving the clergy of civil rights enjoyed by other citizens; that denying any contractual force to marriage by religious ceremony; that withholding from religious organizations the right to conduct schools. The Bishops are not opposed to the Constitution itself. They were among the first and most earnest supporters of the movement for the Union which would ensure the solidarity, strength and prosperity of the Spanish-American Republics. They have ordered special prayers in the churches for the success of their efforts to have the Constitution changed.

Some Good Books

The Story of St. John Baptist De La Salle. By Brother Leo. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.50; postpaid \$1.60.

To those who decry the Church as the enemy of education and of the masses, the story of the sainted founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools must prove a severe setback. Here we have the example of a member of the French aristocracy of the 17th century who freely renounced wealth and worldly ambitions to devote himself to the education of the children of the working classes. And so well did he lay the foundation of his work that it has been carried on by the members of the Religious Institute he founded even to our own day. A list of the men, prominent in every walk of life, who owe their training to the Christian Brothers, would make a glorious monument to the saintly De La Salle.

Brother Leo has made the story interesting and refreshing, weaving into it a gripping picture of the age, and hence the little volume will make attractive reading for both teachers and pupils.

Work, Wealth and Wages. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D. Published by Matre & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

The attention Father Husslein is giving to the great social problems of the day bespeak his lively interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. He brings to the task a mature and well-trained mind alive to the deep import of the questions he treats and stocked with expert knowledge both general and detailed.

In his introduction the author states the purpose of the volume and summarizes its contents. Purpose: to offer, for the use of all, a brief but suggestive exposition of the Christian principles underlying the great social problems of the day. Discussions: the question of wages, of labor unions, of strikes and class struggle, of woman

labor and its proper safeguards, of Socialism, capitalism, and industrial democracy. Surely a handy volume that every intelligent Catholic should read.

Saint John Berchmans. By Rev. James J. Daly, S. J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.50; postpaid \$1.60.

The 300th anniversary of the death of this lovable Jesuit saint quite naturally awakens renewed interest in his life-story. Father Daly has gone to special pains to make the son of the sturdy Flemish shoe-manufacturer live again before our eyes. Especially does he bring out the charm of Berchman's youthful sanctity with its sincerity and pluck and sweetness of temper that won the admiration of fellow-students, despite the natural antipathy of boys for "the model student."

The lesson of the life of St. John Berchmans is a lesson of sacrifice—a lesson that may well be taken to heart by twentieth century youths and maidens, and also by twentieth century fathers and mothers.

Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum. By Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. SS. R. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers, Boston, Mass. Price

Priests will be interested in this new edition of Father Wuest's well-known manual on the rubrics. It embodies all the changes made necessary by the New Code, the New Missal, and recent decisions of the S. Congregation. An excellent alphabetical index makes for easy reference. We recommend the "Collectio" both for seminarians and priests in the ministry.

St. Michael's Almanac. St. Michael's Kalender (German). Published by the Mission Press, Techny, Illinois. Price 25 cents each.

These excellent almanacs for 1922 hardly need recommendation. They have been annual visitors to Catholic homes for many years and have always found a hearty welcome. If anything, they are better than ever before.

Lucid Intervals

The conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurlia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell

"You're a liar! You're a liar!" Then from the brakeman at the other end comes the cry; "You really are! You really are!"

A farmer's daughter started to practice singing. One day her father came in unexpectedly. "What's that extraordinary noise?" he asked.

"That dear," replied his wife, proudly, "is Jane cultivating her voice." "Cultivating! Huh!" snorted Cockie. "That ain't cultivating—that's harrowing!"

A timid young lady awoke one night and heard a mouse in her room. First one slipper was hurled mouseward and then the other, but she succeeded in stopping the noise only a short time. Terrified, she wondered what to do next.

She sat up in bed and meowed.

"Say, is this an incubator chicken?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it must be, for a chicken with a real mother could never be as tough as this one is."

A woman mounted the step of a car, carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre.

The conductor touched her lightly, saying: "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband," she snapped, with the tone of full proprietorship.

"Jack, what causes those marks on your nose?"

"Glasses."

"Glasses of what?"

"There's no danger," said the doctor. "It's a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!"

The sportsman went out for a day's shooting. Not being a particularly good shot, his bag was nil, and, as he did not like to return empty-handed, he bought a rabbit in the town on the way home.

He presented it to his wife, who, after expressing her thanks, thoughtfully remarked:

"It was a good thing you shot that rabbit when you did, John; it would not have kept another day."

Too Slow.—A negro lad had been brought into a Virginia police court for the fifth time charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm quite tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame you, jedge," said the parent, "an I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then' why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him de right way," said the father, "but he just don't seem to have no talent for learning how, jedge; he always gets caught."—Lawyer and Banker.

It was the week before little Willie's birthday and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning Divine Providence for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool chest, a"—

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know He ain't," said little Willie, winking towards the next room, "but grandma is."

And he continued, louder than before: "A scooter, a drum, a talkin' machine, a pony. Amen."

"What would you suggest for our literary club to read?" asked Mrs. Fuldbub.

"A good cook-book," responded her brutal husband.

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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* * *

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